

# Alpine Fly Fishers

*Our Next AFF Meeting  
Will Be Tuesday  
January 26*

*We will be meeting at the  
Puerto Vallarta  
215 15th St. SE  
Puyallup at 6 PM*



## The Dead Drift - January 2016

### In this issue:

#### Page 2 & 3

*IFFF Fly Of The Month  
~ Superfloss Chironomids~*

#### Page 4 & 5

*Back of Beyond  
~ Deschutes River 2015 ~*

#### Page 6

*FAOL Article  
~ Another Name ~*

#### Page 7

*January Meeting  
A Fly Fishing Quote  
AFF Meetings 2016  
Future Rod Boards  
TFO Rod Raffle Board*

#### Page 8

*Save The Dates*

#### Page 9

*Calendar  
Editor Information  
Mailing Address  
Board of Directors*

### **President's Line**

*By Larry Gibbs*

We get an extra day to fish this year! I suppose many people would rather have the extra day be in the middle of summer, but the end of winter is alright with me. Guess you could say we really need to leap right on this opportunity! Sorry, couldn't resist it.

You may notice that on page 8, the Save The Date page, I have started listing the companies that are the main event sponsors for the 2016 WA Fly Fishing Fair this coming April in Ellensburg. So far we have two main event sponsors. The Worley Bugger Fly Co. and Wasatch Custom Angling. Good companies to buy from!!!!

We are also picking up some sponsors for specialized events, like the Awards Banquet & Annual Meeting and the Youth Tying on Saturday and a couple so far for the Fly Tier's.

We had our fund raider December meeting. Thanks to all of you who were able to attend. Many of our club members won a lot of neat 'stuff' and thanks to your generosity, our financial coffers received a nice bump.

Steve Egge put together a 290 photo power point presentation. There were only four or five of us who donated photos. Next year we would really like to see that number exceed 500 photos. So, when you are out and about in 2016, keep a digital camera or a newer style cell phone handy and snap some interesting shots. They don't have to be photos of big fish, even little fish look great, as do wildlife and scenic pictures. You can email them to me throughout the year and I will compile them and give them to Steve later on.

As I write this the shortest day of the year is just a couple days away. Winter is about to officially start. Checking on our snowpack in the Cascades, we are a little low on the normal snowfall but if the weather keeps going like it has been, we should end up with a decent amount of snow in the upper Cascades, enough to feed our rivers a whole lot more than last year.

The snowpack in my favorite go to fishing state, that being western Montana, is doing about the same. Below average in some parts of the Rockies but above average in other parts. Mainly I am looking at the mountains that feed the Clark Fork River. We should be Okay this next year as long as the snow keeps on falling.

Have a great Christmas and a really good New Year!!!

Good fishing.

Larry



## International Federation of Fly Fishers Fly of the Month

~ SUPERFLOSS CHIRONOMIDS ~

January 2012

By  
Bob Bates



There are thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of chironomids patterns available. Here is one that Jim Maus of Lakewood, WA uses to catch a lot of fish. He was tying it at the 2011 International Fly Fishing Fair in West Yellowstone, MT.

Some people look down on chironomids fishing, and call it bobber fishin'. Even if for the dry fly purest this isn't their preferred technique it is an effective way to fish. Chironomids live in the oxygen poor environment of lake or stream bottom mud. To compensate they have extra hemoglobin in their blood. For that reason the naturals and imitations of them are red or at least partially red. Also, chironomids hatch anytime there is open water, even in the middle of winter.

For most anglers the first technique is to use a floating line and suspend the fly under a strike indicator (bobber) so it is a foot or so above the bottom or weeds. The original instructions called for casting the fly directly downwind from a boat anchored at both ends. Any waves or ripples on the water surface move the bobber and fly up and down. Retrieve the fly very slowly. Fish don't always feed at the bottom, so a fish finder will help find them if they are higher in the water column. Watch the strike indicator and wait for a fish to pull it under or move it in a strange direction. Usually it will go under when you are pouring a cup of coffee or watching a bird fly by. Casting crosswind or even upwind sometimes works.

If strike indicator fishing is not your cup of tea then dredging might work for you. Use a full sinking line, cast as far as you can, count the line down to near the bottom and retrieve the line very slowly. If there are weeds on the fly when it comes in shorten the count and if no weeds lengthen the count. Vary the retrieve also.

### Materials list:

**Hook:** Straight eye hook, 2487 Scud, Tiemco 200R depending on the desired body length, #18 or 22

**Bead:** Clear

**Thread:** 70 denier, white

**Gills:** Flurofiber, white

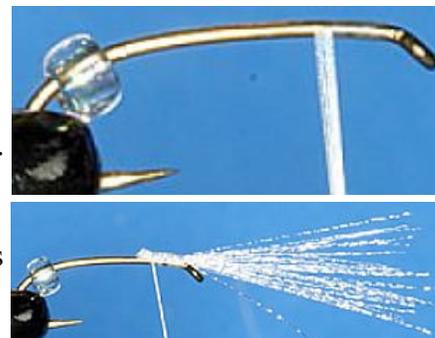
**Rib:** Silver wire, 0.006-inch

**Body:** Super floss, red

**Thorax:** Peacock herl

### Tying steps:

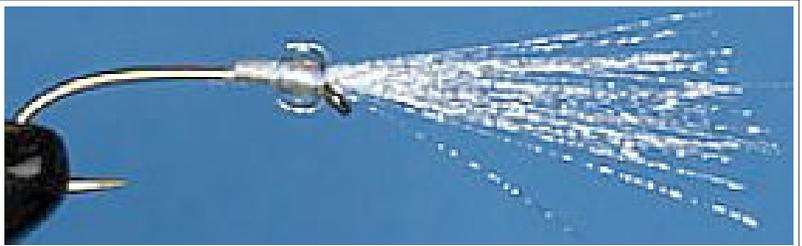
1. Debarb hook, slide bead on, put hook in vise and push bead to back. Start thread at eye.
2. Tie on gills with as few wraps as possible right behind the eye. The gills are a very fine clear sparkly material.



Continued on Page 3 →

**Fly Of The Month - Continued from page 2**

3. Whip finish and trim thread. Slide bead forward to eye.



4. Reattach thread behind bead. Color of thread depends on color of Super floss going to use. Sometimes Jim will use white thread to accent the color of the Super floss. Secure rib wire and Super floss behind bead, stretch Super floss wind thread rearward over Super floss and wire to just around the bend. Keep everything on top of hook. Then move thread forward to back of bead.



5. Wrap Super floss forward, stretching it at first then easing up to build a little bit of a taper. Secure and trim excess behind bead.



6. Spiral rib forward to bead, secure and trim



7. Tie one strand of peacock herl in behind the bead. Put it in a dubbing loop. Catch the peacock herl with a dubbing tool, and spin the tool to capture the herl and thread. Then three or four wraps of herl is enough.



8. Whip finish between the bead and the herl. It helps to put a little head cement on the thread just before the last turn of the whip finish. Trim the gills.



**Closing comments:** This pattern can be altered in many ways. Using black thread under the red Super floss will change the color to burgundy. The white thread can be spotted with a felt pen. The fly can be given a hot butt by leaving the thread white at the very back and darkening the rest of it. It is an easy pattern to tie and it is effective in many lakes on both sides of the Washington Cascades. Over the years I have used chironomids to catch a variety of trout in both lakes and streams. Sometimes the action is fast, but other times enjoy the scenery or move to another spot. For the smallest patterns use the herl from the peacock sword feather.

# Back of Beyond

*By Stephen Neal*

*In Wildness is the Preservation of the World "Henry David Thoreau"*

## Deschutes River, Oregon 2015



Behind us were manmade canyons of concrete and steel, fast paced commerce, and air thickened with gas and diesel fumes. Our exit strategy necessitated us spending 3 hours and 30 minutes in close proximity to other hurtling metal and plastic objects, holding fellow travelers, hauling each other and items of commerce. All of us travelers were in a hurry to get somewhere else. Steve, Sean and I visibly relaxed as we left the cacophony noise of the freeway as we exited onto a feeder road winding through rolling hills of the basalt cap rock of central Oregon and Washington, in front of us the horizon opened up. The tunnel, of night time freeway travel left behind.

We were in the land of wildly strewn farm and ranch homes; these are the people that hold to the philosophy of "I like my neighbors the most when they are scattered some", a sentiment that I also hold dear. The ranch homes were marked by islands of light floated in the great darkness of the early October night. Stars shimmered between retreating storm clouds, the air felt washed and clean. The empty night time land held scattered cattle and a handful of lonesome arguey coyotes. Beside me Steve and Sean were discussing the merits of various conservation groups and how well they were meeting their goals in protecting our planets gift of wild places. I half listened as my eyes picked out gnarled aged fence posts and phantasm shaped sage brush and bent wheels on side roll sprinkler irrigation systems, all briefly lit by the shine of our vehicles lights. These brief glimpses came and went at the speed of our rubber tires, the glimpses awakened an old friend who had been slumbering, my love of the Back Of Beyond.

The motion of our forward progress changed abruptly, from relatively smooth asphalt to washboard ruff dirt road as we wend downward into Oregon's Deschutes River Canyon. Every loose part in Bob's Ford Explorer rattled and threatened to separate from the whole as we drove. In the back seat Sean tried valiantly to maintain his seat and stabilize all the fishing gear that surrounded him, but that was now bound and determined to fit in his seat with him. Commodore Egge's calm driving was now whip tight muscle taunt, white knuckled grip on the steering wheel. With a steely concentration, he was trying to find the right track on the road and vehicle speed to lessen the vibration threatening to separate the Explorer into multiple pieces; and to prevent Sean's back seat burial. Now our road trip had entered the endurance phase and we all, could not wait for the end of this rutted, shuddering dirt road and our arrival at our riverside destination. We persevered because that was our only option as our world rattled and threatened to separate around us.

Like all life's inconveniences this too passed as we finally pulled into our camp spot for the night. We checked ourselves for missing parts and found that nothing had fallen off, so to celebrate our survival Steve popped the top on three Tecates and we had our 1 am beer. We launched the raft, checked the water level and river clarity then bedded down for the night. Things were looking good for our morning departure. Going to bed at 2 am and getting up at 5:30 am makes for a short night's sleep. The night was clear with stars as big as hats in the night sky that evening's earlier high desert rain storm had left the heavens crystal clear. I fell asleep staring at the lights in the sky. I've never spent a long night at Mack's Flat; there is something about the place that causes nights to be surprisingly short. Oh well, there will be plenty of time for rest once I'm on the other side of the grass.

Morning broke clear, but soon the river released its warm vapor into the cool desert air as the sun rose, so did the river fog. My sleeping bag was covered with dew; I hesitated at getting up, that moist cold dew made me think twice about getting up and dressed. But I finally crawled out of my snug cocoon and very quickly donned my clothes and waders.

Continued on Page 5 →

While we ferried equipment down to the raft, we were dismayed to find that the river had risen and become turbid in those short 3 1/2 hours of sleep. What was a promise as we fell asleep had turned to a low prospect with the rising of the sun, our chances of a good steelhead fishing trip had slipped away as we slept under starry skies.

Like all fishermen who labor in the canyons of concrete and steel, nature does not always provide good fishing during our planned vacation time. Like our entire fellow fishing brethren, all fishing trips are based upon faith and hope. Faith and hope will get you on the water but it is a little short in providing fish that want to take what we our offering in enticements. Undaunted we embarked on the waters of the Deschutes and willing accepted a, what may come attitude. Our ace in the hole was that we were with good friends, and that pretty much guaranteed a good time, steelhead or no steelhead.

On other rivers Steelhead can and do ignore a little turbidity, but Deschutes Steelhead are mighty picky, they are spoiled by near constant flow rates and clear water, so when the army core of engineers release more water into the Deschutes and the White river of Oregon turned wild and brown from a glacier blowout, the two separate incidents affect everything down stream of their confluence. It did not interrupt our fishing but it sure put a crimp in our catching.

Fishing is based upon faith and belief, one knows that the fish are there and the only way to catch them is to test your faith and belief. Not every trip is successful but what sets fishermen apart it the wise ones learn from what is presented to them. The others throw up their hands and leave, when fish are the only thing one comes for, then all other life experiences are left un-explored or un-discovered. We fished, but we also explored, wandered and wondered. We let the land soak into our souls, followed old roads and talked canyon history. I even revived an old habit and conversed with the range cows, calves and bulls. It is a habit I picked up in my time on horseback looking at the south end of cattle, as I herded them to and from winter, summer and fall pastures in the Ruby Mountains and Smith Valley. I'm sure that Steve and Shawn looked at me with questioning expression, but slow talk and gentle goes a long way towards calming skittish range bovines.

Our time on the water fishing was extended due to long morning cloud cover. We really explored all the runs we fished, storing the information for future trips. We danced with wind storms, I covered our afternoon desert dust, rain and wind storm in last month article so I won't revisit it here except to say it reinforces my belief that wildness needs to be protected and preserved. Thoreau was so correct when he stated that in Wildness is the preservation of the world. It holds the jewels of our first knowledge and learning. When mankind loses its way now and then it is important to re-examine our roots and pick back up our lost path through the universe.

We did hook into one steelhead on our Deschutes river trip. Steve led me out to a small island that split the river and had me drift my fly into the confluence of the two reuniting currents. Just as my fly hit the right spot, Fish On; I was hooked up, and as he/she launched its self from the river right in front of Steve and I, at eye level and broad side to us, we both were stunned at the glory of it all. When the steelhead reached the apex of its leap, I felt the slack in my line and knew that the fish had thrown the hook and we had parted ways, but Oh My!!!

Steve and Sean both kidded me by telling me that my 1000 cast count had been reset to zero. I am so alright with that. Good friends are so damn special.

Hope to see you on a river soon. Happy New Year, may it find you in the Back of Beyond on many multiple occasions.

Stephen

***“Many go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after” Henry David Thoreau***



Deanna Travis  
FlyAnglers Online  
Publisher & Owner

## **ANOTHER NAME**

November 23, 2009



**The Fly Fishing Enthusiast's Online Magazine**  
*'The Fraternity of Fly Fishers'*

Of course once you write an article about the person you think has influenced fly fishing the most, then you just have to expect someone to either tell you you're wrong, or drop a name and expect an answer or comment.

The name was, is, Lefty Kreh.

I first met Lefty at one of the big fly fishing shows, either Denver or Salt Lake. Back some years ago those shows were a very big deal. The shows are not open to the public, just for fly shop owners and buyers. Today the shows are but a poor shadow of what they once were. I believe at that time Lefty was on the Sage Pro Staff. He would be on a casting pond and demonstrating various casts (which he could make on any rod, including our broom) but of course they were wonderful because they were made with Sage rods. He always had a joke or ten, with a sense of delivery which made him a very popular entertainer on the banquet/dinner fund raisers as well. I can't recall specifically which cast he wanted me to learn, perhaps the skip cast, but he was a terrific teacher, and he made it fun.

We continued to run into him at the various shows and FFF Conclaves. He was/is a life member of FFF and did his best to promote their ideals. Every once in a while we'd get a book in the mail, sometimes from Lefty, other times from his publisher. I don't think we have a complete set of his books, but we do have a bunch - and I've read them all. There is Lefty's Little Library and a bunch more on casting and even knots.

At some point he decided to call my late husband "Castwell Jimmy." He was the only person to ever call him that, and Castwell thoroughly enjoyed it. He teased Lefty by saying the same thing every time we met: "You know I could fix that glitch in your back cast for you." Lefty didn't have one of course.

Lefty is about ten years older than the late Castwell - and isn't showing any signs of slowing down, or at least not much. His professional affiliation these days is with Temple Forks Outfitters. Temple Forks is the perfect match for Lefty. One of the things closest to his heart was to get moderately priced, but good rods, into the hands of the new fly fisherman. Redington and Temple Forks were the companies whose dedication to the entry level angler brought that dream to reality. Temple Forks also produces a selection of spinning rods for those who are still living on the dark side of angling.

We were attending a FFF Conclave in Kalispell Montana, perhaps 1995, and our friend Jim Sisson who also taught classes with us, was there to take his test for certification. The next day we were waiting around for something and Lefty came along and we were just chatting. He asked if we had anything special to do for a while, and when we said we didn't, he directed us out the back door to one of the casting ponds which had been set up.

He lined the three of us up on one side, and said, "I'm going to teach you how to teach." And for the next 45 minutes explained and showed how to get and keep the students attention - what to do with people who "didn't get it" and finally why it is important to learn to cast right. Not necessarily long line or fancy casts, but getting the fly to where the fish are. I don't know if he has ever done that sort of class for the FFF casting instructors (but if he hasn't he should) but it has stuck in my mind all these years. Must have been something to be remembered fourteen years later?

There aren't all that many women in fly fishing, but there are a number of gals on the marketing and manufacturing sides, and anywhere Lefty has gone, the gals (including me) know they are with a gentleman.

Lefty is one of the truly nice guys in fly - fishing. How important is his method of casting? Have you ever seen Lefty cast? Ever see anyone else besides Ed Jaworowski who can?



The Fly Fishing Enthusiast's Online Magazine  
'The Fraternity of Fly Fishers'

There are several of us at AFF who belong to FAOL. It is a great site for fly fishers, lots of helpful information and many fly tying recipes and articles about all aspects of fly fishing and fly fishing gear. Check it out.

[www.flyanglersonline.com](http://www.flyanglersonline.com)



## Alpine Fly Fishers Next Meeting January 26, 2016



### A Fly Fishing Quote:

“In the recollection of the trout fisherman it is always spring. The blackbird sings of a May morning. The little trout jump in the riffles, and the German brown comes surely to the fly on the evening rise.”

~ R. Palmer Baker - *The Sweet Of The Year* (1965) ~

### Alpine Fly Fishers Meetings in 2016

January 26 — February 23 — March 22 — April 26 — May 24  
June ?? (picnic) TBD  
July & August (No Meetings)  
September 27 — October 25 — November 22 — December 13

### Future Rod Board Fund Raiser Raffle

We just finished our TFO rod board, thanks for the donation to our treasury. We have another rod that we could use on a raffle board.

Guy Magno donated a new Albright Topwater 7 weight, 9 ft, 4 piece rod and I will add an Albright Topwater 7/8/9 reel with it that we will use as a rod board fund raiser. We will do a 30 square board at \$5 per square.

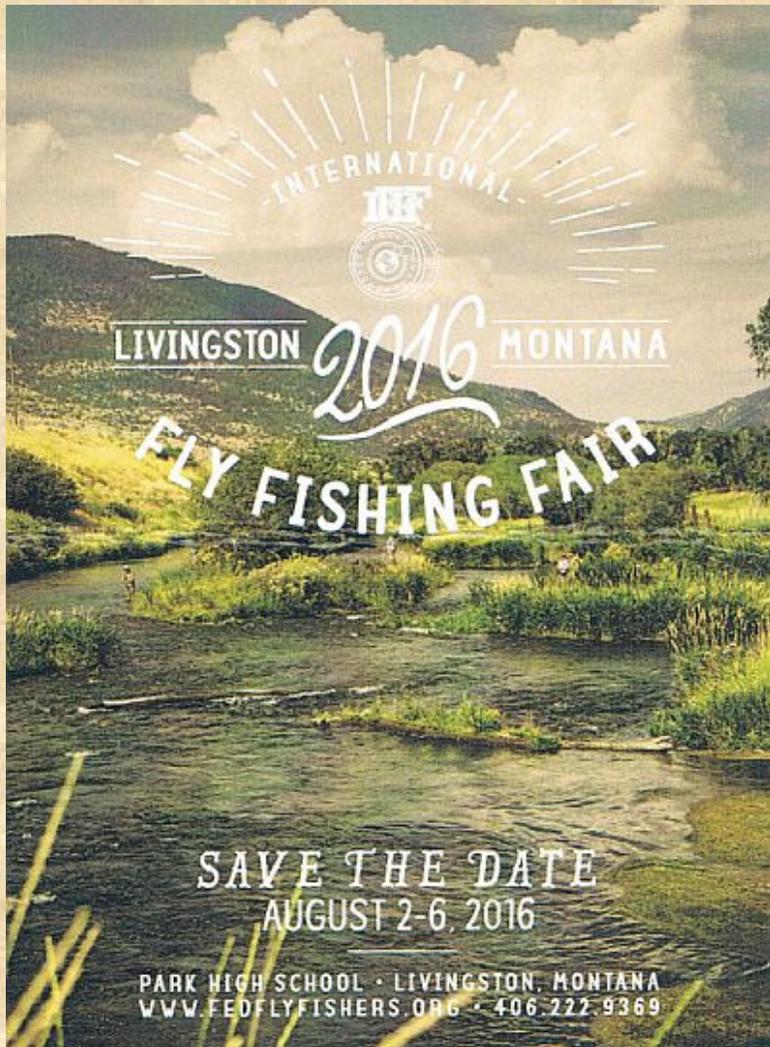
### The TFO Rod Raffle Board Has a Winner!!!!

TFO Lefty Kreh TiCr X Series 9 ft, 5 wt 4 pc rod.

We started with a 30 square rod raffle board with each square selling for \$10. This board was first presented at our November meeting and we sold 17 squares. Then we sold 12 more via email requests. Our last square sold at our December meeting, making our club a nice \$300 deposit into our bank account. Oh yea, the winner of this very nice fly rod was Guy Magno! CONGRATULATIONS!!!!

### Christmas Fly Tree

Thanks to all of you who donated flies to our Christmas Fly Tree. Duffy brought it back and it still had some flies on it and combined with the ones donated at our December meeting, the tree looked rather nice. Again we used it as our finale raffle item when all the raffle tickets from the night are dumped into a container and a winner is picked. Congratulations to our newest AFF club member, CJ Price who won the tree and a few other nice items during the regular raffle. You can donate flies anytime during 2016 to be used on the tree at our next December meeting.



**2016 WA Fly Fishing Fair  
Main Event Sponsors**

**Worley Bugger Fly Co.  
&  
Wasatch Custom Angling**



[www.worleybuggerflyco.com](http://www.worleybuggerflyco.com)



<http://flytyingtools.com>

Washington State Council  
International Federation Fly Fishers

[www.wsciff.org](http://www.wsciff.org)

**2016 WA FLY FISHING FAIR**

**SAVE THE DATE**

**Ellensburg, WA April 29 & 30**



The 2016 NW Fly Tyer & Fly Fishing Expo will be held on March 11 & 12, 2016 in Albany

**SAVE THE DATES**



**2016 WSCIFFF Fly Fishing Fair**

**April 29 & 30**

**2016 IFFF Fly Fishing Fair**

**August 2 - 6**

# January / February 2016

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<i>"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne." - Robert Burns, Auld Lang Syne</i>					<b>1 January</b>	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	<b>26 Club Meeting</b>	27	28	29	30

<small>"Keep your faith in beautiful things; in the sun when it is hidden, in the Spring when it is gone." Roy R. Gibson</small>	<b>1 February</b>	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	<b>23 Club Meeting</b>	24	25	26	27
28	29	<i>"Go to the winter woods: listen there, look, watch, and "the dead months" will give you a subtler secret than any you have yet found in the forest." - Fiona Macleod, Where the Forest Murmurs -</i>				

Alpine Fly Fishers' 'The Dead Drift' is Published monthly by the Alpine Fly Fishers Club  
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